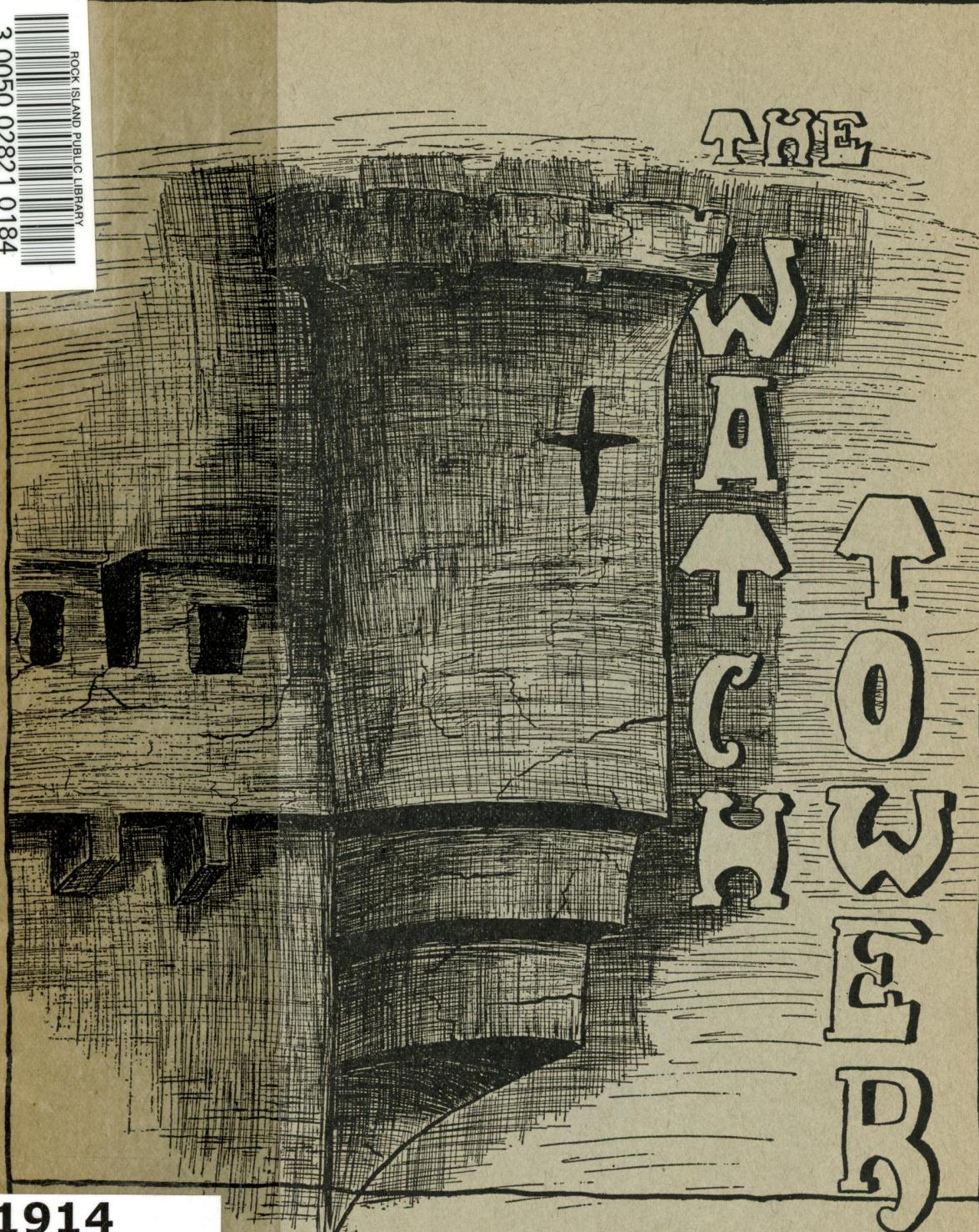


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Vol. VI. Book I.

THE WATCH TOWER

Published Quarterly by the Students of Rock Island High School

VOLUME VI

NOVEMBER 1914

NUMBER 1

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Foreword

THE VALUE OF LATIN.

BY CORA L. EASTMAN.



DO not intend to harp upon the usual string — facts we all know so well — how valuable Latin is as a disciplinary study; how it trains the mind to quick and accurate judgments; and teaches proper discrimination, when the several possible renditions of a word or phrase suggest themselves and we must at once choose the one best adapted to the context.

I am not going to dwell upon its cultural side and refining influence, citing that most men in the higher positions of life have had the advantage of a classical education to which they in a measure trace their advancement and recognized success; — that it opens an avenue of perpetual delight in the full appreciation of the best literature and in the secure enjoyment of social intercourse with cultured people. All these things are her heritage. But I do wish to call your attention to the modern trend of thought which is practical above all else and which to-day is emphasizing Latin as a vocational study, especially in the commercial course. Educational journals are discussing this and at educational meetings, as at La Salle recently, "The Practical Value of Latin" was an important topic.



meaning and use of words ability to understand what the customer wants and ability to offer goods as to sell them, in other words, a vocabulary is necessary. There is no study more conclusive to a good and fluent vocabulary than the study of Latin.

In the study of Phonography many of the Latin prefixes and suffixes have a definite phonographic sign, so the commercial pupils who have studied Latin have a distinct advantage, in fact, many more advanced students study Latin to master these signs more readily.

By actual test in one of New York's best schools, tabulating per cents among several average pupils with some knowledge of Latin invariably stood with far higher per cents than the non-Latin students in spelling, use of words in sentences, in definitions and parts of speech, in the meaning of words and in excellence of vocabulary.

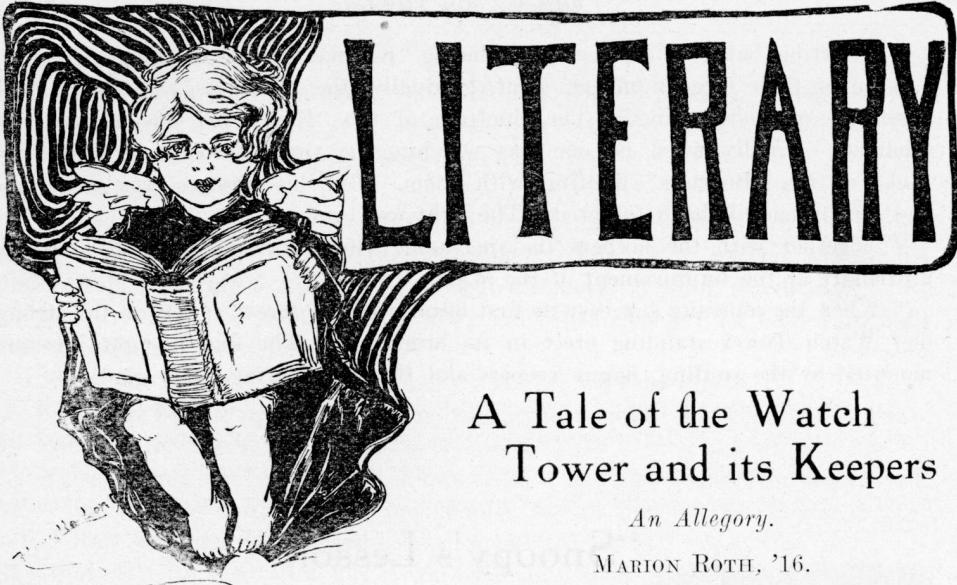
This work in Commercial Latin necessarily gives pupils the dictionary habit, the results of which extend far beyond derivatives actually studied.

I have said nothing of the practical aid of the study of Latin for professional men and for specific callings, as it is obvious that even a very elementary knowledge of the subject is of value to the minister, teacher, doctor, lawyer, and druggist.

In conclusion, we agree with Prof. Hale that Latin is a good language to know and may well be called our mother tongue. We would advise the study of Latin whether one wishes it for college entrance requirements or for its cultural value or for its practical assistance in giving increased earning capacity in the battle of life.

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A Tale of the Watch Tower and its Keepers

An Allegory.

MARION ROTH, '16.

IALL, gaunt and alone at the edge of a dense, dark forest stood the Watch Tower. At its base yawned a deep, wide chasm, a moat, impassable save by means of a sturdy drawbridge which was willingly let down by the keepers. The heavy, iron chains fastening the bridge were rusted from long disuse.

The keepers of the Tower were unhappy. They had always been faithful at their work trying to keep the worn edifice in a well repaired condition. But they could not do it alone. Skilled masons and laborers were needed. Every day the keepers would climb the stairs up to the balcony at the top of the dizzy height and stretch out their hands in supplication, crying:

“Help us! It is your duty. Help us or our Tower will soon fall.”

But no one answered.

Now to the north of the Tower dwelt the “Knockers,” a band of wicked, war-loving people, who delighted in doing evil deeds. They laughed and sneered at the pleading cries for aid.

“Manana — to-morrow, we will come.” But Manana never came in their busy, evil lives.

To the south dwelt the “Boosters,” a happy folk who lived to help others and to do good. But alas! they were much fewer in number than the powerful “Knockers.”

But it was for them that the rusty chains let fall the clinking drawbridge over the unfathomable depths of the moat.

Now one gloomy day in fall, when the sun tried in vain to pierce the grey of the leaden sky, the chief of the “Knockers” became dissatisfied with his life.

“We are too good,” said he. “We must do more harm. Come, my brave band. Let us sally forth and ravage yon lonesome tower.” And the pernicious band agreed.

When the keepers of the Tower saw the “Knockers” approaching with weapons in their hands and formidable in their array, they called to their friends, the kind “Boosters,” for aid and they came one and all.

Gift

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A terrible battle took place. The daring "Knockers" were confident of victory because of their large numbers. But, gradually, the "Boosters," by using good, honorable methods, gained. The chieftain of the "Knockers" was amazed and ashamed. Finally when no one was watching he slipped over and joined the ranks of the "Boosters" fighting with them. But his absence was discovered and one by one his band followed. The fight was over.

Together with the keepers the increased "Booster Band" worked long and untiringly at the improvement of the Watch Tower.

When the morning sun cast its first beam over the forest, it fell on the strong, new Watch Tower standing erect in its brightness. The dizzy height was surmounted by the smiling, happy keepers and they, prospering, were glad.

"Snoopy's Lesson

VERNER HALLGREN, '16.

HELLO, Whitey," cried a group of Hilton High School students, as a tall, lean, flaxen-haired youth came sauntering slowly toward them. He nodded slightly, as though uncertain that he was the person addressed, and continued to gaze thoughtfully at the ground.

"Oh, I say, old man," exclaimed Ben Sommers, an intimate school chum of Whitey's, "What's the trouble? Why the frown? Has G. T. (the principal) given you an undesired vacation or something of that kind?"

"Not yet," was the laconic reply.

"Great Caesar!" ejaculated Ben, now thoroughly worried about his friend. "What stunt have you been pulling off now? Open up, won't you? We're not going to advertise it."

"Well fellows, you have all heard about the Harrison 'blowout' that I started, haven't you?"

"Yes," answered Ben, who seemed to be the spokesman of the party.

"Snoopy has heard about it and intends to bring it up at the next teacher's meeting," continued the light-haired youth gloomily. "Snoopy" was a faculty member who was continually spying on the students.

"Well," said Ben, "what will you do then?"

"Search me. Take a trip to the country, I guess. I haven't thought much about it yet."

"Do you mean that he'll have you suspended?"

"Exactly."

"Jehosaphat," ejaculated Ben, "that certainly is tough luck; but hold on, I've got an idea. You have a sister, haven't you, Whitey?"

"Yes."

"About three years younger than Snoopy?"

"Correct."

"Comes past here every day about four o'clock?"

"Right again."

"Hasn't Snoopy been rather... er... a... trying to form an acquaintance?"

"Yes, he has, and it annoys my sister a great deal."

"Does he know that she is your sister?"

"I don't think so."

"Good!", cried Ben, and he whispered something in Whitey's ear that caused the frown to disappear from his face like magic. Long after he had reached his home he kept repeating to himself, "I think it will work. I think it will work."

At four o'clock the next day Mr. Newcomb (alias Snoopy) sat before his desk with an unopened letter in his hand.

"Feminine handwriting," he mused, "I wonder who she can be!"

With that he tore open the envelope and began to read. This is what he read:

My dear Mr. Newcomb:

When passing the high school of late, I have had the pleasure of seeing you, and it has been my wish that an opportunity for an introduction might present itself. However, thus far, I have been disappointed. I had hoped that you yourself would make some advance, but as you have not done so, I am takinng the liberty of writing you this note as a means of introduction. Should you consider the matter favorably, please call at my home this evening at seven thirty o'clock. I am quite certain that we shall be able to enjoy the evening together.

Yours,

EVELYN DEERE.

"Deo gratias," he cried after reading the message, and his face beamed with pleasure.

He continued to muse in this fashion for about fifteen minutes, but the remainder of the afternoon he spent before the mirror, endeavoring with little success to assume a presentable appearance. However, at exactly seven o'clock he could have been seen strolling leisurely down the main street of Hilton, swinging a light cane and whistling a popular air. A ten minutes walk brought him to his destination. His heart beat rapidly when he saw the young lady standing on the veranda awaiting him, and it took all the self-control he possessed to make the necessary greeting in the correct manner. He wondered vaguely why the house looked so dark and gloomy. She seemed to read his thoughts for, by way of explanation, she observed, "I have turned the lights low as I have been troubled with a severe headache all day and it seems to be continually growing worse."

"But let us go inside. I think it will be more comfortable in there, don't you?"

"Yes, I... er... a... believe so," he stammered, now thoroughly ill at ease and wishing heartily that he had postponed the engagement.

"Won't you please take a seat?" she asked, after they had entered the reception room.

"Ah yes, thank you," said he sinking into the deep Davenport with a sigh of relief.

During all this time he had noticed that she was continually pressing her hand to her forehead as if she were in great pain.

He was about to question her in regard thereto, when suddenly she uttered a shrill cry of pain, staggered, and fell swooning into the arms of poor Snoopy. Her head lay on his shoulder and he could not but smile with satisfaction as he thought

how near to him she was. She remained immovable for about ten seconds, when, for no apparent reason whatever, her face was illuminated with a most charming smile. Just at that moment a click was heard at the other side of the thin curtain that separated the reception hall from the adjoining room. The girl hastily disengaged herself from his arms, every sign of faintness having disappeared.

"Heavens," she cried, "that is my brother trying to get into the house at the rear door. We must not be seen here together. You will not think me rude," she continued, "if I say that you must not stay any longer. My brother has a violent temper."

Mr. Snoopy was not in the least anxious to meet her esteemed brother, so in less time than it takes to tell it he was seen striding swiftly down the street in a somewhat different fashion than he had come.

The young lady stood by the door watching him until he had disappeared from view. Then she returned to the reception room, where Ben Sommers stood waiting with a large kodak in hand.

"Well," said the would be Evelyn Deere in a decidedly masculine voice, "How did it work?"

"O, Whitey," gurgled Ben, for the beautiful girl was none other than the light-haired lad himself. "It was the richest scene I have ever witnessed or even heard of. It would have made vaudeville look like a cloud in the distance. The vaudeville is the place for you, son."

"Thanks, Ben, if I can get Snoopy to act as my Juliet, I might consider your advice."

It did not take very much persuasion, the next morning to induce the great Mr. Snoopy to alter his plans concerning Whitey and the Harrison 'blowout'. For, after seeing the picture of himself, and his lady friend as it was taken by Ben the night previous, and after being told that it would be published in all the local papers if silence was not kept, he agreed to accept their terms.

And Snoopy had learned his lesson. Thereafter, whenever a student was persecuted by any member of the faculty for misdemeanor, it was to Mr. Newcomb (no longer Snoopy) that he went. And it was Mr. Newcomb who always helped the boys out of their difficulties if there was any possible way to do so.

Mac Kellog's Love

BY MARGARET UNDERHILL, '16.



XCITEMENT reigned at Westmond college. A great masquerade had been planned, and the girls had graciously invited the boys. Preparations were being made; and, after hard work of both head and hands, the girls were ready.

At seven thirty the reception committee received the queer looking objects, which later proved to be boys.

Mac Kellog was dressed in an elaborate style—a knight, in armor. No one even so much as suspicioned the "school favorite," in such disguise. His eyes

rested first and last, upon a dainty lass, closely hooded, and masked. Seating himself beside her, he attempted to draw her into conversation, but all in vain.

"I don't know who you are, but I like you," was his opening, flattering remark, which caused a queer convulsion beneath the finery, but no response.

"Tell me your name, I won't give you away," still no response.

"I'll have to pretend I know," said he to himself.

"Listen, little girl, I've been waiting a long time for a chance to talk to you." This caused a smile, but it was hidden.

"I've watched you, and wished we knew each other. You know, a fellow gets kind of crazy about a girl, sometimes."

There was a whispered "Yes?"

"And I'm crazy about you. My classes are so large I haven't been able to find you yet, but I'm looking." No response.

"Don't you like me at all?" The head nodded "yes" slowly.

"Well, why don't you talk to me? Help me on with my courting." This time it was "no", and she shrugged her shoulders.

"You like me but you won't talk. Well, you will after a while. I know its a blow to have a fellow, you don't know, flop down and tell you he loves you and all that. Its time to unmask. Come now, I shall see your sweet face again, and I'm so glad."

She led him out onto the campus, and there, in the bright moonlight removed her hood and mask.

"Howard Carter," shrieked Mac in astonishment. "How did you dare?" and he broke into a roar of laughter.

"Just to think that because you are our midget, you dared to fool me. Wait until I get you at home to-night.

Think Awhile First

MYRTLE JENS, '17.

Don't start your tongue agoing in a careless sort of way,
And thoughtlessly forget it till it runs a half a day.
The pleasant art of talking is a pleasant gift, indeed,
But oh, the knack of keeping still is what some people need.

Don't think that you can multiply your present stock of joys,
By filling every quiet space chock-full of talking noise;
If you've got a big two-bushel thought, just sift it to a cup
Of plain, terse words; and otherwise please *keep it bottled up*.

The ones who have their names engraved on monuments to-day,
Are not the ones who always tried to have the most to say.
Oh no, they thought for years to get one sentense clear and bright,
For us to put in copy books and have the children write.



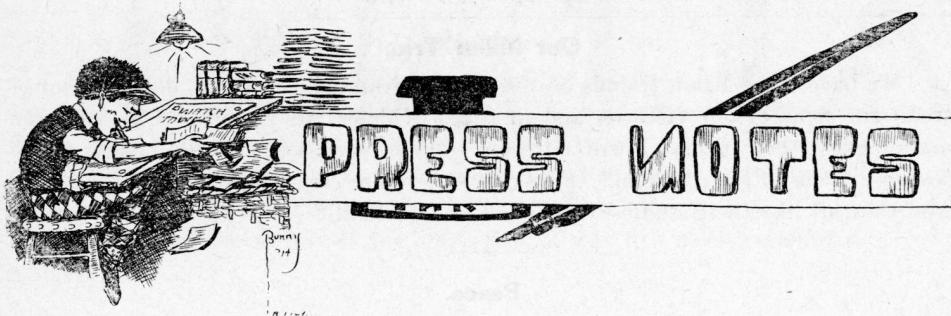
Miss Florence McCandles and Mr. William Schulzke were united in marriage on the evening of October 7. "Peggy" was a member of the class of '10.

Blanche Goode, a member of last years graduating class, was married to William S. Schussler of Davenport on the 30th of last September. Blanche is the first one of her class to fall the victim of cupid's darts.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Litt on the 29 of September. Mrs. Litt, formerly Katherine Thatcher, was graduated in 1910, and "Dick" in 1911.

Those taking a post-graduate course at R. I. H. S. are: Anna Dittman, '14; Ruth Blakemore, '14; Georgianna Brinkerhoff, '14; Willard Larkin, '14; Harriett Darling, '14; Paul Dahlen, '14; Marcus Brough, '12.

The following graduates of R. I. H. S. are attending college: Northwestern—Frank Andrews, Sidney Wiggins, Bernard Ingram, Will Barth; Chicago University—Louise Blayne, Mabel Larson, George McDonald, Helen Marshall, Margaret Myers, Lyman Weld, Pauline Levi, Julius Harris, Walter Roth, Beatrice Bleuer, Wallace Leland, Edward Reticker; Augustana—Clarence Bloomberg, Blanche Carpenter, Edna Curry, Harriet Darling, Allen Eddy, Andora Larrison, Irene Saulpaugh, Arthur Benson, Larned Eklund, Myrtle Summers, Cecil Koch, Hildegrade Anderson, Gladys Dunleavy, Raymond Walker, Abbie Blakemore, Signe Larson, Ruth Harris, Helen Hazard, Margaret Olmstead, Neil McNeil, Eleanor Dahlen, Lois Bruner, Bessie Miller, Greta Curry, Elizabeth Chaney, Grace Ullemeyer, Jacob Rimmerman, Donald Vance, Jual Ford, Irene Dodson; New York Normal School—Louise Crosswell; Plattsburg Normal—Margaret Palmer, Florence Prager; National Kindergarten School—Marion Dauber; Montecello Seminary—Helen Detjens, Elizabeth Sharp; Vassar—Miriam Walker; Lake Forest—Edwina Frazer, John Hawes; Leland Stanford—Iles Gansert; Battle Creek, Michigan—Claude Hippler; University of Illinois—Edward Barker, John Chase, Curt Lundein, Harry Stoakes, Bernard Bleuer, James McNamara, Benjamin Clarke, Leland Townsan, William Barker, Edward Lerch, Katherine Chase; Oregon Agricultural College—Fred Motz, Arthur Lundein, Olaf Johanson, Clarence Budelier; St. Alban's School—John Potter; University of Wisconsin—Alberita Richards; Oklahoma School of Music—Ethel Jens; Wellesley—Marion Cleveland, Eleanor Cleveland, Dorothy McCabe, Dorothy Rhoads; Illinois State Normal—Annie Gilespie; Chicago Art Institute—Maude Young, Marion Sears, Albert Fryer; Annapolis Naval Academy—Swift Riche, Frank Huntoon, Jay Huntoon; Great Lakes Naval Academy—Orval Karns; Michigan University—Joe Kelly; Cincinnati University—Hyman Sosna; Western State Normal—Lee Barnett; Kalamazoo Normal—Will Empke; Mercy Hospital—Ethel Westbay, Clara Traenkenschuh; St. Anthony's Hospital—Thelma Wagner; Illinois Woman's College—Dorothy Stevens; Tulane College—Charles Larkin; University of Washington—Arthur Dripps, Roy Jenson; Iowa State College—Will Duan; Business College, Hartford, Conn.—Eugene Youngert; Grinnell—Otto Frank, Harry Frey, Carl Anderson; Yale—Harold Speidel, Ben Hartz, Ernest Taylor; Ames—Frank Wilcher; Oberlin—Adria Titterington; Colorado University—Margaret Nicholas; DeKalb Normal—Cora Emery, Grace Nofsker; Mt. Vernon Seminary—Maria DeSilva; Normal Technical School—Jean Welch, Elizabeth Sperry.



Teddy.

ON Thursday, September 23d, Theodore Roosevelt was in Rock Island and his appearance completely demoralized some of our classes. About one hundred and fifty high school boys turned out to hear him speak and thus were absent from the first three periods in the morning. On the return to school every one formed in line on twentieth street and the procession was followed by the students from Augustana, who had turned out in a body. At the high school buildings both delegations faced each other—gave a united yell for Teddy and then one for each other. Mr. Burton then appeared upon the scene and asked them if they would not proceed to room thirteen where he would provide them with the necessary excuses. This was followed by a chorus of cheers for Mr. Burton. They want him to know that they appreciate his generosity.

High School Band.

Something new has happened at the high school. A band of thirteen pieces has been organized and had their first practice on Wednesday, September twenty-second. They are practicing regularly and doing very well. We shall expect great things of our band in the future.

Scoop.

Now, that Scoop, the cub reporter, has joined the German army, one of our charming Senior lads has taken upon himself the responsibility of reporting High School Notes for the "Rock Island Argus." Poor child, on the night of the primary elections he was asked to help the Argus staff by reporting the Milan returns. Our hero proceeds to that metropolis without meeting Frank, Nich or any other Milan worthies, but horror! it was one o'clock before the returns came in. Two o'clock saw his report finished; two fifteen, he was hopping the ties; three bells, he was at the Argus office; four o'clock he was in—bed. Poor Scoop says "Never again." (Slightly exaggerated).

Pickles.

We want to warn our friends against the baneful effects of sweet pickles. Not a great while ago, one of our Senior lads was ordered from the library because he participated in a pickle feast there and could not restrain himself from throwing pickles at others. The best that can be said of him is that he is not selfish with them.

Our Milan Trio.

We have three Milan friends on the football team who certainly deserve a lot of credit for some of our victories and in times of defeat they die hard. In case you cannot guess their names I will tell you. "Pete" Crisswell, Frank Loohy, "Joe" Nichols. Pete—"Beg Pardon." Frank—"Aw, you're crazy." Nich—"I'll Betcha." And they all like their studies? the ladies and football.

Peace.

October the sixth was observed as Peace Day in the high school. Bliss Rinek presided and short addresses were given by Celeste Comegys, Eugene Cavanaugh, and B. Metcalf, after which the whole school arose and sung America. Peace plans were immediately given a death blow when Mr. Burton dropped the seventh period. Some wished him to drop the sixth and thus the spirit of peace and harmony vanished.

Robert's Mishap.

Robert Olmstead was late for German. Miss Buhlig called to him as he opened the door asking him to hurry. Robert evidently appreciated the need of speed, because he made the distance between his seat and the door in less time than Sol Butler could, but alas just as he was about to be comfortably seated some one pushed his chair and Robert gave us a graceful exhibition of seating oneself on the floor.

Disbanded.

We really appreciate the work of our band at the Aledo game, the only trouble being in the quantity of the music. After two selections the band broke up. When asked what had become of the band Hugo Larson said, "Oh the band disbanded." He's a Senior, that's why! By the way did you ride out on the special car and help the school to meet that expense.

Miss Irene Goldstone.

On October first we were treated to a very rare pleasure. Miss Irene Goldstone, one of our former students, entertained us with two readings. Miss Goldstone showed her talent for this work while in high school, representing us one year in the big eight declamatory contest. She is now a reader of unusual excellence.

After-Lunch Entertainments

A good many times those who carry lunch have the privilege of hearing Mr. J. W. Casto play. About 12:50 o'clock Mr Casto makes his appearance at the Assembly and if urged to do so, will render a few solos, which are certainly appreciated. Everyone is invited to carry his lunch (or go without it) and get in on some real good music.

We wisely refrain from giving an account of the Junior's second class meeting.

Appetite.

A meeting of the WATCH TOWER Board for nineteen hundred and fourteen was held September twenty-eighth. Fae Hanna was elected editor-in-chief and Edgar James business manager. It was decided to run another subscription campaign and to print the paper in the Manuar Arts Print Shop. The latter idea has since been abandoned. The meeting broke up when Mr. Anderson succeeded in impressing upon the minds of the staff, that it was five o'clock and that he was hungry.

Our Press Team.

On Thursday, the twenty-first day of October, the Moline High School entered into another contest with us. Each school picked a press team and Moline edited the *Dispatch* and our team, the *Argus*. Our team was composed of the following people: Charlotte Murray, Bessie Baker, Alma Sanderson, Marshall Newton, Leslie Johnson, Edgar James, Vivian Thomas, Joseph McGinnis, Verner Hallgren, and B. Metcalf.

Unlucky Dog.

Several weeks ago a valuable collie belonging to Dorothy Schoessel was killed by the Long View car on twentieth street.

On Monday evening, October 12, our editor-in-chief entertained a large number of friends at her home. Everyone certainly enjoyed themselves and those who were fortunate enough to receive invitations agree that Miss Hanna is a delightful hostess.

Help — I'm Shot.

It was during the trip to Rockford. About three A. M. when all were asleep, one person awoke from his slumbers and decided to bombard the opposite room. So crawling out of bed and taking the chandilier from the gas jet, he tip-toed through the hall and into the next room. Taking careful aim at the wall he let the chandilier go. Crash!! "Help! Help, I'm shot," shouts Rinck. The coach hurries to the scene, the fellows all crowd into the hall, the landlady comes up behind a blue-coat and all is confusion. Will Gleasons room is just across the hall from the one in which the catastrophe occurred, but when the coach looked in there Will was peacefully "sawing wood," hence a deep mystery surrounds the whole affair.

"Try Rock Island First," is the slogan of our city. But need she wait until someone "tries" her? R. I. H. S. girls say, "No! Let Rock Island try it first!"

Acting in accordance with this declaration a meeting of the girls was called on October 12, for the purpose of electing a "yell mistress." Mary Butts, '16, was chosen to fill this position. Now that the girls have an official leader, they will undoubtedly "yell louder and longer" at the games.

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VIVIAN THOMAS, '16.....	<i>Athletics</i>	ROBERT OLSTEAD, '17.....	<i>Jokes</i>

To the New Teachers.

The WATCH TOWER, in behalf of the student body, extends a hearty welcome to the new teachers in our midst. We hope that their experiences in our school may, without exception, be pleasant ones.

Learn the School Yells.

In the athletic department of this number of the WATCH TOWER, you will find a page containing our high school yells. These yells were printed for you to learn so that, when the leader starts one at the games, you can all join in. If we wish to, we can make as much noise as Rockford or any other high school. We are all anxious for our teams to win every game which they play. Strong and loyal support of a team is half the victory. You can learn the yells in twenty minutes. Then do it, and come to the games and help the team win.

Peace — For How Long?

November 7 Rock Island will play Davenport at football for the first time in ten years. November 14 will witness a football game between Rock Island and Moline, the first after an interval of two years. At these games and all future games with Davenport and Moline, let us so conduct ourselves so that the question of severing our athletic connections with either of these cities need never again arise. If we do our part towards maintaining peace, Davenport and Moline can be relied upon to do theirs. Let us adopt, as a motto, the words of our former editor-in-chief, John Potter, who when writing on this same subject, said, "Let there be peace and there will be peace."

To Our Artists.

The success of the WATCH TOWER would be assured if it depended on the ready response of the artists in our school. There were a number of good cuts submitted and the staff found it difficult to make selections. We wish to express our gratitude to the artists and to remind them that we shall want more good cuts for the Annual.

IN MEMORIAM.

In February, nineteen hundred and twelve, Mr. Thos. B. Myers became an English instructor in our school. He came with a fine reputation as a scholar and a teacher. He received his education in the James Milliken University, and prior to his coming to Rock Island, he taught in the Belvidere High School.

Mr. Myers was more than a teacher, he was a friend. He was ever obliging and waiting for an opportunity to give a pupil aid.

In collaboration with Mr. Casto, he wrote "The High School Kids," a song, that certainly proved popular with all.

Our last recollections of Mr. Myers are his familiar words, "Why certainly. Is there anything else I could do?"

His place in our hearts is filled with pleasant memories and tender recollections of a man whose name was a synonym for honor, kindness, and gentle courtesy.





ROCK ISLAND HIGH SCHOOL

Our Coach.



HIS year has seen a change in athletics in Rock Island High School. Our coach, Mr. Herbert N. Roe, comes to us from Hutchinson, Kansas, where he taught English and coached last year. Mr. Roe has not only played college football but he has also coached college teams.

There is a change in the style of coaching, Mr. Roe believes in less blackboard work and more actual demonstration. At all events, there has been a marked turn for better school spirit. The receipts for the Alumni game increased 50% over those of last year. At the Aledo game the per cent. of increase was slightly higher. Mr. Roe is largely responsible for this and Rock Island will be indeed fortunate if she can keep such a progressive coach for more than one year.

Our Team.

Rock Island High School has cause to be proud of her football team. Seldom, if ever, has she had such an "all-around good squad." Every man plays his part with a vim that speaks well for his coaching. No man plays for individual honor, but for the glory of the school. This is true school spirit.

The Games.

The Alumni this year had the strongest team that has ever been gathered to play the undergraduates. The team had five of six ex-captains, all of former star teams, in the lineup and the fact that the school beat them shows that our team is better than the teams turned out in the last few seasons.

The day of the game was ideal and the attendance was over 50% better than that of the average Alumni game. The two teams battled almost evenly until the third quarter when Benson blocked the kick of McManus his team mate and Gaetger scooped up the ball and ran for a touchdown. This was the only score of the game, and although the goals of both teams were severely threatened several times, the men seemed to take a brace and hold. This is especially true of the high school team, for early in the game, the Alumni had carried the ball to the ten yard line and there were held for four downs by the school. This shows the spirit and ability of the team, as Salzman the 200 pound tackle who made the winning points in the memorable Moline game three years ago, was called on twice to go through the line and could do nothing more than pile on top of the stonewall defense of the younger men. The school teams played well together, and the work of Butler,

Ackley, and Gaetger was of the best. The whole team played a game that the Alumni will remember for some years to come, a memory that is also gratifying to them, for they know that our team represents Rock Island.

Aledo.

The Aledo men must have been victims of stage fright, for Rock Island, with almost all of the second team playing in the last quarter defeated the college town lads 76 to 0. Aledo's star was McFarlen, who played half back. He made most of their gains and stood the brunt of the Islander's attack. For the local team, Butler, Hinckley, Ackley and Gleason were the heavy scorers, Butler, especially, as he made eight touchdowns in the course of the conflict. The weakness of the Aledo line enabled Rock Island to get downs easily. This was the first walkaway for the local team. Let us hope that the Davenport and Moline games will show results as favorable to us as did this one.

Rockford.

Unsteadiness of the local boys, their failure to open up the plays, and the heaviness of Rockford combined with many other faults of the Rock Island team, lost the game to Rockford. The play was fast. Daley, a five-year man, and Putman of the up-staters helped to defeat us. The coach firmly believes that a poorer team than ours beat us, but 21 to 0 was a hard lead to overcome. Rock Island played fine ball the first quarter, holding Rockford scoreless, but weakened later in the game. Nichols, Criswell, and Gleason were the stars in the line and Butler in the backfield, but the line and backfield failed to work together, and a play of Rockford's in which the quarterback, Sours, ran behind the center, was disconcerting to the locals. Most of the up-staters' gains were made in this way. They did not succeed with a single forward pass, while the Rock Island players were very successful in its use. Last year the score was 42 to 0, so this year's score, 21 to 0, shows an improvement of 100% in our team.

Ottawa.

Our team returned from Rockford crippled; nevertheless it easily outclassed Ottawa the following Saturday. The coach had made a complete change in the lineup, Butler being changed to quarter, Hinckley to Butler's half, and, as Criswell was out of the game, Culley was placed at center and Nichols played Criswell's tackle, while Wagner was put at guard. The score was 53 to 0 with only seven minutes of the second half played, for the Ottawa boys had to leave on the five o'clock train. The scoring of the locals was as follows: Touchdowns, Butler (2), Hinckley (2), Whisler (2), Ackley (1), and Looby (1). Goals from touchdowns, Whisler (2), Hinckley (2).

Ottawa's team was badly crippled; their regular quarter-back and full-back were laid up with injuries and their 220-pound tackle was also out of the game. The team here, however, certainly played a clean, fighting game, and at no time did one of their men quit as some would have done under similar conditions. Kimball, their right tackle, was the star, and Yentzer, at half, played a very gritty game, being knocked out several times, but coming back with a smiling face.

Monmouth.

On the 24th of October, Monmouth came here with a faster team than she possessed last year, and until the middle of the first quarter, when "Sol" was placed at quarter and Hinkley shifted to left half, it looked as if she would duplicate her last year's victory. Monmouth was "buffaloed" by Sol's appearance and from that time on never threatened the local goal. Hinkley, after making two touchdowns, sustained an injury which forced him from the game. Thomas, who took his place, played a splendid game. The Rock Island team played well together in this game, the interference being almost perfect, and the holes made by the line were all and more than wanted or needed. Gleason and Ackley in the backfield made fine gains. Butler carried the ball only when needed, giving the other men chances to distinguish themselves. In the last quarter the team was half subs, and still the advance was not checked. The game ended with the ball advancing by long rushes toward the Monmouth goal. Monmouth stars were Benson, who played right end, and Johnson, full back. The whole team were good tacklers, and fair in offense, but were outclassed by our men.

The score was 73 to 0 in favor of R. I. H. S.

The Princeton Game.

The team journeyed to Princeton October 31. The Princeton boys averaged about the same as the locals and in the first quarter looked like winners. They scored the first touchdown by a series of forward passes and line plunges. On the kickoff after this score, Butler received the ball and ran 80 yards for a touchdown. After this the locals settled down and Princeton barely gained. Princeton must be given credit for their tackling, which was far better than Rock Island's. Our second touchdown was made by Ackley who received a pass from Butler and dodging the backfield of the Princeton aggregation made a touchdown after a sixty-yard run. The other two touchdowns were made by Butler on long runs, Gleason kicking three out of the four goals, making the final score 27 to 7. Johnson, playing almost the entire game at end, played very well, as did Looby on left end, Gleason and Crisswell at tackles, and James at guard. Ackley and Whish did fine work on the defense, hardly any man getting past them. The team as a whole played poorly together, the staving of individuals being responsible for the lowness of Princeton's score. Rock Island, playing together, could easily have scored fifty points to the opponents 0 if there had been even a little team work.

The Scrubs.

That the men on our second team are good fighters and poor quitters, is shown by the following scores:

R. I. H. S.	0	Viola	0
R. I. H. S.	8	Moline (second team)	7
R. I. H. S.	12	St. Ambrose Midgets	0

SONGS.

Go Rock Island	Go Rock Island	Rah! Hoo! Ra!
Go Rock Island	Go Rock Island	Ra! Hoo! Ra!
Go Rock Island	Go Rock Island	R. I. H. S. Hoo! Ra!
Go Rock Island	Rock Island Go	

OUR YELLS.

Kick Off.

Go! R. I. Go! R. I. Go! R. I. Go!
Go! R. I. Go! R. I. Go! R. I. Go!

Sky Rocket.

S-s-s-s-s— Boom.
Rock Island.

Locomotive.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rock Island.

For a Gain.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
(Name of Player.)

When We Are Winning.

Strawberry Shortcake!
Pumpkin Pie!
V—i—c—t—o—r—y.
Are we in it?
Well, I guess!
Rock Island High School,
Yes! Yes! Yes!

And a Beevo and a Bivo.
And a Beevo Bivo Bum.

Bum get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap.
Bum get a cat trap bigger than a rat trap.
Bum! Bum! Cannibal!
Zis! Boom! Bah!
Rock Island High School.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Cha Hee! Cha Hi!
R. I. — R. I.
Cha Hee! Cha Hess!
R. I. H. S.

Let's give them the axe, axe, axe,
Give them the axe, axe, axe.
Where?

Right in the neck, neck, neck.
Right in the neck, neck, neck.
Who?
(Davenport!)

Riff, Raff, Jiff, Jaff,
Let's give them the horse laugh.
Hee Haw!
(Moline.)

Hallabaloo! Rah! Rah!
Hallabaloo! Rah! Rah!
Hoo Rah! Hoo Rah!
Rock Island.
Rah! Rah!

Boomeracha! Boomeracha! Bow wow
wow!
Chickalacha! Chickalacha! Chow chow
chow!
Boomeracha! Chickalacha! Zis! Boom!
Bah!
Rock Island High School. Rah! Rah!
Rah!

Nigger, Nigger, hoe potato.
Half past alligator.
Ram, bam, bulligator.
Zis! Boom! Bah!
Rock Island High School.
Rah! Rah! Rah!



R.I.H.S.

WITH



COOK
FOR
FORM



ROE
FOR
COACH HILL
FOR
MGR.

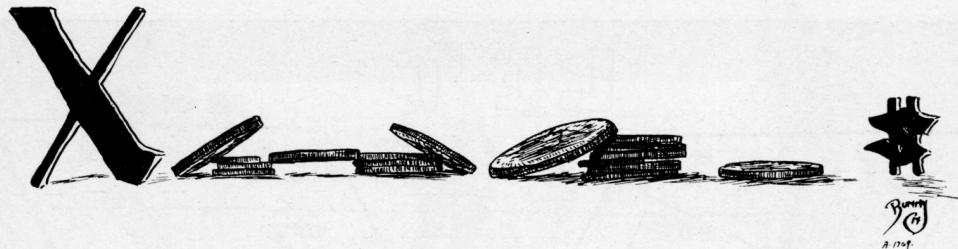


MISSBALLARD
FOR
SPIRIT

ARE



BOUND TO WIN



The Lombard Review, Galesburg, Ill., has retained last year's cover design. As a result, we immediately recognized an old friend which we were eager to read. The snapshots throughout the paper are very interesting. Only get that Literary Department and your paper will be fine.

The Upsala Gazette, Kenilworth, N. J., is, as always, an interesting publication. We like your Literary Department and wish you good luck in securing a permanent athletic coach.

The Stentor, Lake Forest College, is welcome again this year. Don't you believe in department cuts?

The Knox Student, Galesburg, Ill., is always "newsy," just the kind of an exchange we like best.

The Purple and Gray comes to us bi-weekly from the Burlington High School. The material is well improved by the addition of a Joke Department.

From South Bend, Ind., comes *The Interlude*, which is deserving of favorable comment.

Among our exchanges is *The Scarlet and Black* of Grinnell College. This publication is well worth reading.

The Verdurette of William and Vashti College, Aledo, is a very good paper.

The Monmouth College Oracle of Monmouth College is an excellent publication. The jokes are especially good.

THE WATCH TOWER again welcomes the *Augustana Observer* from Augustana College. The *Observer* is as good as ever which is saying a great deal.

We have received *The Western Courier* from Macomb, Ill. It is a most interesting little weekly, the cartoons being especially clever.

The *Student Life* from Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., is a breezy, attractive paper. But is it necessary to advertise tobacco so extensively?

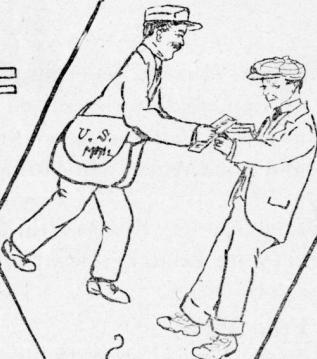
All the departments in *The Daily Maroon* from the University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill., are enjoyable.

LET

SENIORS



SOPHOMORES



THE

SCHOOL



NOBODY HOME



UNKNOWN

QUANTITY



English Teacher (speaking of the measure in poetry): "How can you tell a long foot?"

D. Jones: "By a big shoe."

Poor Boys.

Miss Rush (reading History): "I've a big notion to turn my back on the boys and just read to the girls."

Strange, Isn't It?

Tib. Babcock: "I just can't keep my hair up when it's down."

"Be definite," said the teacher in botany in explaining about parasites. "Don't let me think that a cow is a parasite because she feeds off of blue grass."

Miss Ballard (reading in the *Lady of the Lake*):

'Now let the maid who knows
Tell us why deepened on her face the rose
As the hunter departed.'
Now suppose the maid who knows tell us."

Student: "If that is the case you tell us."

Quite True.

Teacher: "What would be the case of a body that wouldn't float?"

Eugene C.: "It would sink."

Freshie: "Mr. Cook had the grippe to-day. I wonder if he'll have the suit case to-morrow."

Robert Cline has received very fatal injuries. His heart has been Pierce(d).

Football and Love may be classed together: — "Broken bones" and "Broken hearts."

Teacher: "What is strategy?"

Freshie: "Strategy in a battle is not to let the enemy know it when your ammunition gives out, but to keep right on firing." — *Ex.*

Leslie J. (in English): "I didn't hear that last advertisement."

Miss S.: "Well, look at Miss Schoessel while she reads and you will. Miss Schoessel, please read it again."

Dorothy (looking at him): "What would your loved one do if you should be killed?"

Question: Why did Leslie blush and the class laugh?

Mrs. Eastman: "How do you spell site? I mean site of a building."

Alma S.: "S-c-i-t-e."

Mr. Burton (in general assembly): "The seats are fuller than they were two weeks ago."

Now just what did he mean?

Miss Sturgeon (to Senior English Class): "Pretend you are saying your speeches to Freshmen. Stand in front of a mirror."

Miss Buhlig (to Vivian Thomas, who was making an extremely ugly face): "Vivian, do you know that some day your face is going to freeze like that?"

Vivian: "Oh well, it couldn't be any worse than it always is."

Popular Classics.

Would You Take Me Back Again?—Paul Dahlen.

I Wonder Where My Loving Man Has Gone.—Alberta Glasco.

Everybody Loves My Girl.—Dean Ingalls.

Sympathy.—Moline High School.

I Love the Ladies.—Raymond Burton.

Some Smoke.—Sol Butler.

That Croony Melody.— Sounds from Room 13.

Biology Teacher: "What leg does the katydid use in making the sound 'katydid'?"

Mable Swanson: "The right one."

Bessie Baker (reciting German): "I don't know how to say 'all at once.'"

Miss Buhlig: "You don't have to say it all at once. Take your time."

In Time of War.

Miss Sturgeon: "Well, what happened after the Baby Welfare meeting was over?"

Student: "The infantry retreated."

Any Junior or Senior.

Outsider: "What's the trouble?
Why the frown?
Bent most double
Head bowed down?"

Student: "I'll tell you
If I get a chance,
I'm scared that we won't
Have our dance."

Terrible Disaster!!!!
Ship Burns at Sea!
450 Lives Lost!
Not a Soul Saved!!!!

Ilsley R. (in arithmetic class): "Please open the window, I am going to throw out my chest."

Clara A.: "She wants me to telephone you up."

Vivian Thomas has come to the conclusion that there is one person in school that is homlier than he; and it's a girl!!

Senior (discussing Dum Dum Bullets in English class): "The steel bullets are the best because they make the neatest hole."

Miss Buhlig (to Hugo Larson, who had made a stumbling recitation and was sitting with his chair resting on the two back legs): "You'd do better, Hugo, if you'd sit flat on the floor."

Miss Ballard: "The fiery cross was made of you (yew)."

Most of us have been laboring under the impression that automobiles are a late invention, but Mary Clark declares we are mistaken. For, as she says, in Book II and Chapter I of Caesar's Gallie War, he tells that the Rhine can be crossed in many places by a Ford.

Senior: "Why are the doors on these chicken coops so tight?"

Mr. Burch: "So that the chickens can't get in."

Strange, Isn't It?

Mr. Cook: "What does the blood do?"
Clifford M.: "Circulates."

Who?

We will take them with a scare;
We will grab them by the hair;
We will set them in despair.

Who?

Davenport.

We will meet them with a frown;
Every single one in town;
We will make them all kneel down.

Who?

Davenport.

We will beat them at the toss;
Smother up their so-called Ross;
We will show them who's the boss.

Who?

Davenport.

We will make a lot of noise;
And show 'em we're the boys
That come from Illinois.

Who?

Rock Island.

When it gets to eighty-one,
Then we'll start to have some fun,
Just to show 'em that we won.

Who?

Rock Island.

When we get back to our city,
We will show them we are pretty
Well versed in footballicity.

Who?

Rock Island.

J. McG.

Miss Ballard: "You mean station instead of depot. A depot is a place where you store goods."

Cheral P.: "Then we have a depot in our attic."

Mrs. E. (in Latin Comp.): "Why did you put that verb in the subjunctive mode?"

Student: "Oh, I just had a feeling."

Miss Buhlig: "What are the three kingdoms of earth?"

Student: "Beast, fowl, and fish."

Student: "They buried them when they were dead."

Miss Rush: "It's fortunate they didn't before."

Fay Reeves

Cliff**O**rd Whisler

Vivian Th**O**mas

Rober**T** Ackley

Sol **B**utler

Edg**A**r James

Arthur Hink**L**ey

Ray Criswe**L**l

Willia**M** Gleason

Leo Wagn**E**r

Joel **N**icholas

Miss Sturgeon (pointing to outline):
"Do you see where we now are?"

Class: "No."

Miss S.: "We are at sea(c.)."

Miss Buhlig: "Philip, when are you going to commence to study?"

Philip D.: "I haven't decided yet."

First Freshie: "Can our themes for tomorrow be on anything?"

Second Freshie: "No, they have to be on theme paper."

History Teacher: "Johnny, what was Waterloo?"

Frank: "Oh, that's one o' these here 'Scraps of English History.'"

Exchange Jokes.

If you see a joke or phrase
That really makes you grin,
Don't waste it on yourself,
Cut it out and hand it in.

Young man (at 12 p. m.): "Last night I heard a story that really made me start."

Young Lady: "I wish I knew it."

Horses in the stable,
Weeds among the grass;
All the stuckups I have seen
Are in the Senior class.

A FRESHMAN.

Teacher: "What is exposition?"

Pupil: "It's something you write to expose your ignorance."

Major Premise, "War is Hell!"
Minor Premise, "Football is war!"
Conclusion, "Football is — — —!"

Cape of Good Hope—Sweet Sixteen.
Cape of Flattery—Twenty.
Cape Look Out—Twenty-five.
Cape Fear—Thirty.
Cape Farewell—Forty.

A Story.

A seat	A prof.
A	A class
A girl	A flunk
A man	A can
—	Ah-men.

Lines of Football all remind us
We can kick and shove and hug
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on another's mug.

When the clock 's correct,
She is neutral, we suspect;
When she says the clock is fast,
You are making time at last.
When she says the clock is slow,
You're done for — better go.

A bluff's a handy thing
To have around when all goes wrong,
It helps a lot if you can sling
A healthy bluff and sling it strong.

First Student: "Say, that new coach will ball out the best man on the team."

Second Student: "That's right; he just got through giving me the worst balling out I ever had."

Tell a man that there are 270, 109, 325, 486 stars and he will believe you, but if you put up a sign saying "Fresh Paint," he will make a personal investigation.

Slang Illustrated.

Judging from the marks of battle which some boys are carrying, one might surmise that they had some private or domestic trouble, if it were not known that they had been engaged in gridiron battles.

Senior (concluding argument): "And if that's not so I'll eat my shirt."

Junior: "Aw, now, don't chew the rag."

"Another tragedy," said the cynic, a shrill shrieks arose from the ruined cistern. "I suppose there is a woman at the bottom of it."

Feeds Him.

"That big dog you gave us actually does police duty at our house."

"So?"

"Yes. He spends most of his time in the kitchen with the cook."

Class Punctuation.

— (blank)—Freshman.

!—Sophomore.

?—Junior.

.—Senior.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Cutting class is becoming nearly as interesting as cutting the wisdom teeth.

Teacher: "Translate 'Possus sum iam'."

Student: "Pass us some jam."

